

Little Folk of Brittany



Alice Calhoun Haines



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LITTLE FOLK
OF BRITTANY



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LITTLE FOLK OF BRITTANY

BY

ALICE CALHOUN HAINES

WITH FULL PAGE COLOR PLATES AFTER PAINTINGS BY

ANITA LE ROY

AND NUMEROUS OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS IN BLACK AND WHITE BY

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MARKET DAY

TO market! to market! a cabbage we'll buy,
Eggs, butter, a fowl, if the price is not high;
For me a bright kerchief, a breastpin for you,
A locket of silver, a song for a sou!
Make ready the baskets, your best cap put on,
The sun climbs the heavens, 't is time to be gone!

The lane's full of people with cartloads of stuff,
Red apples, ripe cherries — there's still time enough!
"Good-day, my good Jehan! What makes you so slow?"
"I'm driving a piggy, and piggy won't go."
"Here comes pretty Annik, she'll help you along.
Trade your pig for her cow with the bow on its horn!"

The Square's all abustle — at last we are here!
"No, no, Auntie Barba! Your eggs are too dear."
How bright are the dresses! How busy the throng!
Come, let us start buying — we can't stop too long.
Good bargains! good bargains! a song for a sou!
For me this blue kerchief, that breastpin for you.

Though our baskets are heavy, our heels still are light;
We've spent all our money; at last falls the night.
To the sound of the bagpipes we'll swing to and fro,
Marking time as we dance in our wooden sabots!
One last glass of cider! Come, come, let's be gone.
The full moon is rising. The market is done.



MARKET DAY

THE LITTLE WHITE DOVE

TWO little girls were walking one afternoon down one of the quaint cobbled streets of the old city of Quimper. They looked very happy because they were on the way from school for the last time that year. Lessons were over, vacation had begun.

"I can hardly believe it, Catherine," cried the more smiling of the two. "To-morrow old Jehan will come to take me home!"

"It must be very pleasant to live on a farm," admitted Catherine, "and go home every summer for the vacation. But your aunt will be sorry to say good-bye to you, Jeanneton, and so shall we all."

"I shall be sorry to say good-bye to you, too," answered Jeanneton. "You have been very good to me, and helped me so often with my geography, but at home on the farm are my sister and my little cow! How many times this winter when the wind has blown at night have I lain awake and thought of them and cried! That was very stupid, no doubt, but it is hard to care about the capital of China when one is parted from those one loves."

"Well, you need not trouble with it any more," answered Catherine. "This afternoon we can shut up our books and forget everything we have ever learned. But I hope you will not forget me, Jeanneton, once you are happy down there on your father's farm."

"Indeed I will not, dear Catherine," promised Jeanneton. "And I only wish that you were going to come to visit me!"

Then the two children kissed each other, and Jeanneton hurried on to the pretty little gabled house where she had been spending the winter with her aunt. For there were many things to be done. She must help pack her little chest, and lay out the clothes she was to wear the following day. Oh, it seemed too good to be true!

Yet next morning, sure enough, came old Jehan, rattling over the cobbles in his queer hooded cart. You could not see very much of him, because he was a thin little man, and he wore a great hat with flapping brims, and a checked farmer's coat that was much too large and loose for his shrunken person. But Jeanneton knew just how glad he was to come for her, though the only way he showed it was by a grunt. So her little chest was tossed up behind, she kissed her aunt, waved good-bye to Catherine and the other children who were gathered in the street to see her off — and away they started!

At first they drove through the city and down past the quays, with gay shops on either side the way, and even after the walls of Quimper were

well passed and they had begun to climb the hill, Jeanneton could see the two graceful spires of the Cathedral whenever she turned about, till all at once the trees grew so thick there was no use looking back. Birds were singing overhead, the air was full of the fragrance of violets, and there were so many questions to ask Jehan.

"How is my little cow?" began Jeanneton.

"She is well," answered Jehan.

"And how is my sister?"

"Well, also," Jehan answered.

"And my father?"

"He is well; but he had better mind his dovecot."

"Why should he mind the dovecot?" Jeanneton wanted to know.

"Because of Monsieur Louis," answered Jehan with a chuckle. "That boy hangs around too much. I happen to guess that he wants to steal a little white dove out of your father's dovecot."

"Monsieur Louis would not steal anything!" cried Jeanneton. "What foolishness! He has plenty of pigeons of his own." And at that moment they came to the top of the hill, and Jeanneton saw the smoke rising from her father's chimney above the treetops, just as she had known that she would. Oh!

It was very pleasant to come home from school. Everybody said that Jeanneton had grown so much that they would not know her, but the dogs knew her, all the same, and licked her hands and whined. And there were so many old friends to be visited! The bees in their straw houses at the back of the barn, the beautiful pigeons in the poultry-yard. How stupid of old Jehan to say —

And yet every afternoon when Margot and Jeanneton were sent to bring home the cows — Margot was Jeanneton's sister, such a pretty girl! — there was Monsieur Louis waiting in the meadow down below.

"Good evening, Mesdemoiselles," he would begin, taking off his hat. "Are you looking for your cows? May I not walk with you? Perhaps they have strayed a long way — the stupid beasts!"

"Thank you, Monsieur," Margot would answer, blushing. "You are very kind, for it is already growing late." Yet they never hurried.

So Jeanneton wondered; but all the same she did not think it could be true that Monsieur Louis wished to steal a dove out of her father's dovecot. For he was the son of the richest farmer in the neighborhood, and very polite and kind to everybody. At last, one evening while Jeanneton was looking in the thicket for her little cow, Monsieur Louis gave a ring to Margot. He must have given it to her, — for there it was shining on her finger when Jeanneton came back, and she half laughing, half crying, — and the next day the Tailor came to call at the farm.

Such a funny man as the Tailor was! He had red hair, and squint eyes, and a hump on his back.

"If I had met a magpie in the road, you would not find me here this afternoon," he cried, as he stood balancing himself in the doorway, a branch of blossoming broom in his hand, and when Jeanneton's mother turned about and saw him she screamed. For she knew at once that Monsieur Louis wished to marry Margot. That is what it means in the country parts of Brittany when the Tailor comes with a spray of broom in his hand to see a young girl's mother. So the father was called in. The Tailor made everybody laugh with his funny stories; and while the three of them stood bargaining and talking, Jeanneton ran to find old Jehan.

"Rascal!" she cried. "You told me that Monsieur Louis wished to steal a dove out of my father's dovecot, and all the time it was Margot that he came to see!"

"And is not Mademoiselle a very pretty little dove?" chuckled Jehan. "They have been billing and cooing since early spring. I guessed what he was after — the sly fellow!" Then they both laughed at the joke. A wedding makes everybody so gay!

After that how many things there were to be planned for! How many things to be done! Peddlers knocked continually at the door. Jeanneton's father scolded, her mother coaxed. All the linen must be bleached, the cupboard beds waxed, the great chest, in which Margot's wedding clothes were to be packed, polished till it reflected like a mirror.

So the days flew, till about a week later the Tailor called again. This time he wore a violet stocking on one leg, a red stocking on the other, and brought Monsieur Louis and many of his relations with him. They came to see Margot and the farm.

"At least, nothing is borrowed," said Margot's mother to the grandmother. "Everything in sight belongs to ourselves. We do not wish to appear any better off than we really are, which cannot be said of everybody on such occasions!"

Then she crossed to the handsome carved cupboard and opened the door just a crack, so that one could catch sight of the great piles of white linen heaped inside. The fattest quarters of bacon hung from the beams of the ceiling, the finest silver was set out on the table. Who could have helped feeling just a little proud? Even the horses in the barn had ribbons in their ears, and stood before mangers full of clover.

Naturally, Monsieur Louis' relations were very much pleased. They visited the orchards and the fields, they said what a fine fellow Monsieur Louis had always been. Then his father shook hands with Margot's father; and since no objection could be made to the wedding, it was time to think who ought to be invited.

"Dear Margot," said Jeanneton to her sister that evening, "you are so happy remembering all the friends you are going to ask, may I not have *one* of mine?"

"Whom do you wish to invite, little one?" returned Margot, kindly.

"A little girl named Catherine Guern," answered Jeanneton. "She lives in the same street with my aunt in Quimper. Last winter she helped me study geography. If it had not been for her, I should never have known about the capital of China."

"Since that is the case we must have her by all means," answered Margot, laughing.

So it was settled, and a few days later, when Jeanneton's aunt came on for the wedding, she brought Catherine with her. How happy the two children were to be together again!

"I have my doll with me," explained Catherine, happily. "She has never been to a wedding before, and neither have I. Oh, Jeanneton, it was so good of you to ask us!"

"Indeed it was not," answered Jeanneton. "I have always wanted you to come and see me — and this is such a pleasant time!"

The next day was the day of the wedding. Jeanneton and Catherine were up before the sun to help dress the bride: If you could have seen Margot when that toilet was finished! This is what she wore: a charming cap of white batiste with a crown of roses tied with a great red bow; a collarette of heavy lace; a violet corsage trimmed with gold and silver braid, the sleeves of which were bright red, and the under-sleeves white, ending in little cuffs of lace; a violet skirt, a yellow watered-silk apron, red stockings, black velvet slippers, a gold cross, and a great bouquet of roses. Nobody could have looked prettier!

Then Jeanneton, her mother, and her grandmother hurried into their best clothes, too; for each was to have her part in the ceremony. They got in one another's way. They laughed, they scolded, they cried. Catherine was as much excited as the others. Suddenly horses' hoofs were heard in the courtyard. The wedding guests were beginning to arrive!

What happened next? How can I ever tell you? It was all so charming, so childlike, so gay! — quite like a game, except that everybody was very much in earnest.

Monsieur Louis, his Tailor, and his guests had already dismounted. They took off their hats and bowed low to Margot's father, *her* Tailor, and her guests, who stood in the doorway to receive them.

¹ "Blessings upon this house," cried Monsieur Louis' Tailor; "and more joy to those within it than I can boast of!"

¹ The dialogue between the tailors is a free translation of that given in M. de La Villemarqué's "Barzaz-Breiz."



"I HAVE MY DOLL WITH ME," EXPLAINED CATHERINE HAPPILY

"What's the matter, gossip?" questioned Margot's Tailor, "that you should not be gay?"

"I had a little dove," replied Monsieur Louis' Tailor. "I kept it with my pigeon in the dovecot; but, look you, the hawk swooped down and frightened my little dove away, and I do not know where she has flown."

"Seems to me you are pretty well gotten up for a man in so much trouble," retorted Margot's Tailor. "You have combed your hair as if you were going to a dance!"

"Gossip, don't laugh at me," pleaded Monsieur Louis' Tailor. "Have you seen my little white dove? There is no happiness left for me in the world unless I can find her!"

"I have not seen your little white dove, nor your pigeon, either," said Margot's Tailor.

"Young man, you lie!" Monsieur Louis' Tailor cried. "For men about here have told me that they saw my little white dove fly into your court and alight in your orchard!"

"Yet I have not seen her," Margot's Tailor repeated, quite as if he meant it.

"My pigeon will die if his mate does not come back. He will die, my poor pigeon," said Monsieur Louis' Tailor. "I am going to look in the orchard."

"Stop, friend!" Margot's Tailor cried. "You must not look. I'll go myself." Then he pretended to peep into the orchard, but soon turned about again. "I have looked in the orchard, and your little dove is not there," he said. "But there are many flowers—lilies and lilacs, and one wee wild rose which bloomed in a corner of the hedge!" Here he leaned over and pulled Jeanneton by the hand from where she had been hiding behind her father's back. "I have plucked it for you," said he, pushing the little girl toward Monsieur Louis. "Give it to your pigeon. It will make him happy again."

Monsieur Louis' Tailor laughed, and Jeanneton was, oh! so red! "A charming flower," replied the Tailor. "If my pigeon were a dewdrop he would nestle in this rose's heart. I am going into the hayloft to see if my little white dove is there!"

"No, no, gossip! I'll go for you!" replied Margot's Tailor. So he hurried into the house, and came out again, leading the mother by the hand. "I have climbed into the loft," said he, "and I have not found your little white dove; but I found this ear of wheat left over after the harvest. Put it in your hat, and be comforted."

Monsieur Louis' Tailor bowed politely to Margot's mother. "If it were grain that I had come for, nothing would please me better," said he. "Now I am going into the fields."

"Stop, my friend! you will soil your beautiful shoes," Margot's Tailor laughed. "Let me look for you!" And this time when he came back he brought the grandmother, who smiled and nodded at everybody. "I cannot find a dove of any kind," the Tailor explained. "But I have found an apple — this withered apple — hidden among the leaves under the tree. Put it in your pocket, and give it to your pigeon to eat. Then he will complain no more!"

"Thanks, gossip," answered Monsieur Louis' Tailor. "The apple is a good apple, and has not lost its flavor. Yet I will have nothing to do with your fruit, your flower, or your ear of wheat. What I want is my little white dove, and I'm going myself to look for her."

"Dear me!" cried Margot's Tailor, throwing up his hands as if in despair, "then all is over! Come, friend! Come with me. Your little white dove is not lost. I have her safe within my chamber, shut up in a cage of ivory with gold and silver bars. She is waiting for you, all gay and beautiful and tame."

So everybody crowded into the house, where stood the charming Margot, laughing and blushing. And as soon as Monsieur Louis entered, Margot's father gave him a horse's bridle, which he passed about the young girl's waist, and, as he buckled it, the two Tailors sang:

*"A charming filly wandered in a meadow,
Free as the wind was she;
A cavalier passed down the road, his shadow
Startled her suddenly.
He paused beside the pasture gate to whistle.
Can he allay her fears?
Her floating mane, her tail, begin to bristle,
Pricked are her pointed ears.
He strokes her, whispers none than she is faster.
His cunning arts who'll count?
Ah, ha! the filly soon has found a master,
The cavalier a mount!"*

Then Margot knelt down before her father and mother. They blessed her, everybody wept — even Monsieur Louis a little bit; but this did not last long, because a wedding should always be gay. Soon all was bustle and merriment again. The horses were led once more into the courtyard. Everybody hurried out. It was time to get to the church, where the good rector was waiting to perform the marriage ceremony.

"Ah, ha! Was I not right?" chuckled old Jehan, as he tossed Jeanneton and Catherine, one after the other, into the big hooded cart. "Monsieur Louis has his little white dove!"



TWO SONGS

TWO SONGS

THE little brook sings as it hurries along,
In her quaint Breton cap on the bank sings Yvonne.

“I’m happy! I’m happy!” the little brook sings,
“All day I’ve been busy, done so many things!
A basket of linen washed whiter than snow
In the course and the force of my clear current’s flow;
I’ve filled Yvonne’s pitcher, reflected her face,
And yet I’m not tired — just see how I race!”

“I’m happy! I’m happy!” sings little Yvonne,
“All day I’ve been busy, so many things done!
A basket of linen I’ve scrubbed in the brook,
Then filled up my pitcher, and stolen a look
At my face in the waters. Now all my work’s done,
And yet I’m not tired, because it was fun!”

So the brook to the ocean all sparkling with foam,
Yvonne to her mother, each singing goes home.



BLUE HIVES OR PINK?

A BEE STORY

GRANDFATHER BRENN was a little man, but he liked to have his own way. Grandfather Silverstik was tall, and thought that everything should be done exactly as he said. They had lived next door to each other for thirty years; they had smoked their Sunday afternoon pipes together fifteen hundred and sixty times; and they had never quarrelled. That was quite wonderful.

Jeanne-Marie and Marie-Jeanne, the little granddaughters, never quarrelled, either. As babies they had slept in the same cradle, been baptized in the same holy water, and now they were preparing together for their first Communion. Each could answer any question the other chose to ask from the Catechism; each was having a charming white dress made for the ceremony; each was to carry a beautiful homemade taper of finest beeswax to the altar — and it was the bees that started all the trouble!

The hives stood in a row among the hollyhocks against the wall at the foot of the garden. There were twelve of them, little straw domes, and they had once been painted yellow, but now they were quite faded and weather-beaten. They needed to be painted again. The bees did not seem to mind this, however, for they flew humming and buzzing in dizzy circles among the blossoming honeysuckle and roses that made the little courtyard so sweet. It was June, honeytime — that was all they thought about.

“Wonderful little creatures,” remarked Grandfather Brenn, taking his pipe from between his lips and rapping with it cheerfully against the door on his side of the garden. “They know as much and plan as much as any Christian.”

“Wonderful, indeed,” agreed Grandfather Silverstik. “Keep bees and learn wisdom. How many flowers do you imagine those fellows have to visit to get one drop of honey? Well, well, they will be swarming soon.”

“The very weather for it,” Grandfather Brenn admitted.

It was after this fashion the two old men got on so beautifully. One opinion was enough for both. So neither had to give in.

Jeanne-Marie and Marie-Jeanne arranged matters the same way. This afternoon they sat side by side on a bench under the lilac bush, and played church with a number of hollyhock dolls that they had made.

"This purple one is the Bishop," said Marie-Jeanne.

"And these white ones are the children he is going to confirm," said Jeanne-Marie. Then she seized a leafy spray of the lilac bush and began to shake it. "*Ding-dong! ding-dong!* Those are the Cathedral bells ringing. Now let us say mass."

The two grandfathers looked at the children and smiled. It was very pleasant in the garden.

"What do you say to painting the hives over this season?" proposed Grandfather Silverstik. "We will have to have some new ones, anyway. And that yellow was never the right shade."

"An excellent idea," answered Grandfather Brenn. "We will paint them, and have everything in the garden fresh and bright for the children's Confirmation. Bees understand more than most people give them credit for, and have a very pretty taste in color."

"Oh, Grandfathers!" cried Marie-Jeanne and Jeanne-Marie in a breath, letting the Bishop and the Confirmation Class roll off the bench into the grass. "How charming! What color will you paint the hives, if not yellow?"

"Blue," said Grandfather Brenn.

"Pink," said Grandfather Silverstik.

Both spoke at the same moment. Then they stopped and glared at each other. Such a thing had never happened before. It was too bad! But neither could give in. Reasons must be found.

"I suppose you have often noticed," began Grandfather Brenn, "that a bee will visit a *blue* flower sooner than any other. Watch them as they fly back and forth in the borders."

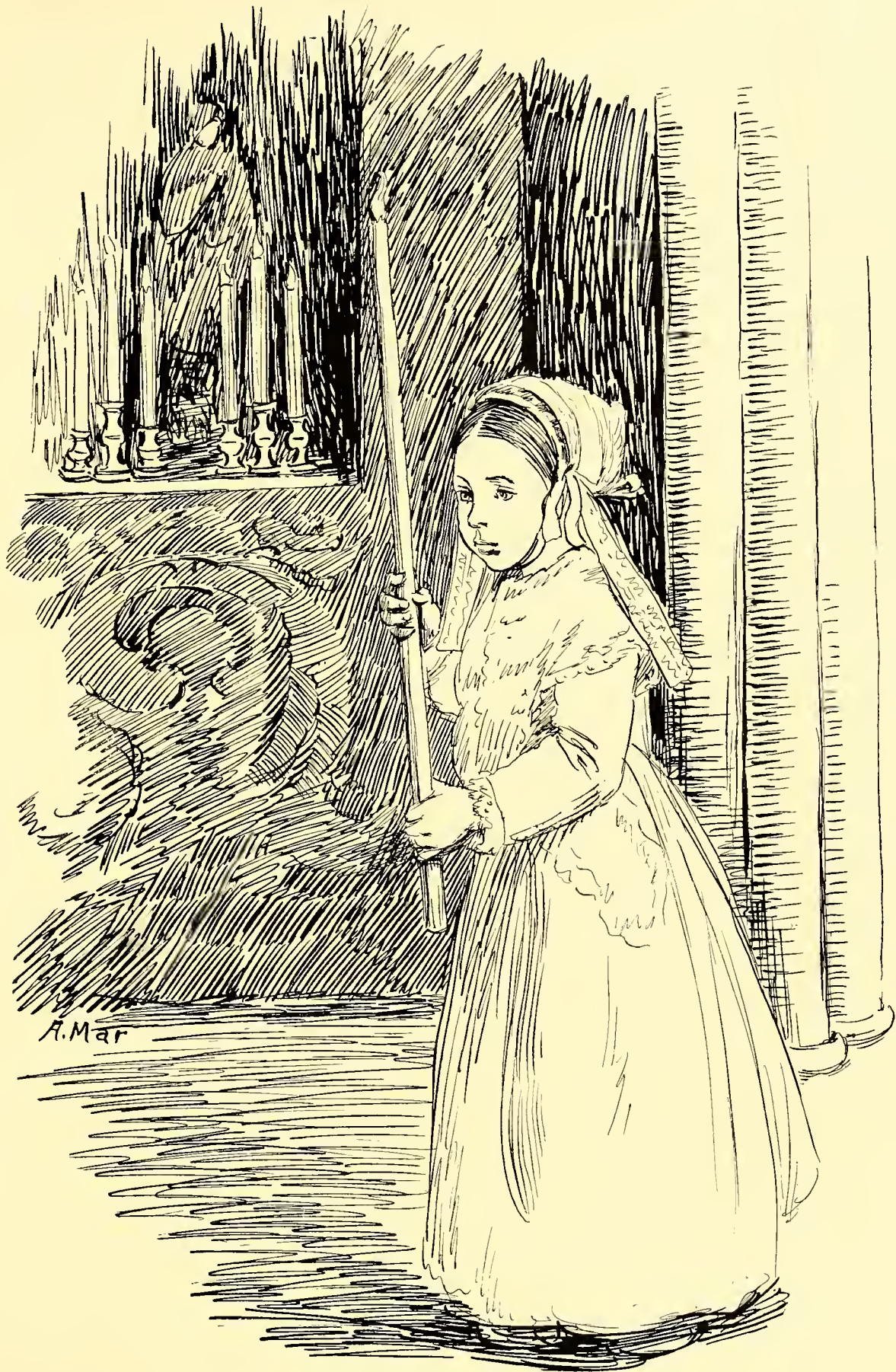
"Roses are blue, are they? and clover blossoms?" Grandfather Silverstik retorted. "Since we are agreed that yellow is not the right shade, let the bees themselves settle the question."

"Precisely what I wish to do," replied Grandfather Brenn. "And if you are honest you will admit their choice to be —"

"*Pink!*" shouted Grandfather Silverstik.

"*Blue!*" roared Grandfather Brenn.

Both were red in the face. Jeanne-Marie and Marie-Jeanne had never before seen anything like it. It was almost a quarrel! At that moment two little maidservants came to the doors of the two little shops that led out into the garden and said that supper was ready. So everybody had to go in. Grandfather Brenn, Jeanne-Marie, and her mother lived over one of the shops; Grandfather Silverstik, Marie-Jeanne, and *her* mother lived over the



THE FIRST COMMUNION

other. For many years it had been almost like one household, but now there was to be a difference.

For the next morning both old gentlemen woke up more determined than ever. Grandfather Silverstik, among his clocks and his watches, could think of nothing but the shabby beehives, and how important it was that they should have a new coat of paint before Marie-Jeanne's Confirmation. Grandfather Brenn, stitching away on a beautiful pair of embroidered gloves in *his* little shop, watched the bees among the flower borders through the open doorway, and snorted angrily. It was high time they should swarm—yet who could expect it of them, under the circumstances, poor little creatures? For in Brittany bees are supposed to take a great interest in the affairs of their masters, and to be very sensitive to any slight. For this reason one often sees the hives near a peasant's cottage decorated with red streamers in honor of some family festival. Grandfather Brenn had been brought up on a farm, and the town training of later years had not quite succeeded in doing away with his early prejudices.

"Boy," said he suddenly to his apprentice, snipping off the purple thread with which he had been stitching, "take these gloves to Madame Courbon's house. They are finished; and on your way back stop and get me a pot of light blue paint. I am going to paint the hives."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, and started on the errand. As he returned some moments later, whom should he meet in the street but Grandfather Silverstik's apprentice, carrying a pot of pink paint.

So the hives were painted, six blue, six pink. Grandfather Brenn and Grandfather Silverstik, working each on his own side of the garden, glared angrily. When they reached the middle of the row they snorted. The little straw houses certainly looked very bright and fresh among the blossoming hollyhocks. One could not tell which color was the prettier; but it was to be hoped the bees would swarm soon and decide the matter. Each old gentleman was quite sure that they would settle on *his* side—thus showing the color they liked best.

That morning Jeanne-Marie and Marie-Jeanne had gone to the Rector's to be examined in their Catechism. Now they came running and laughing into the garden.

"Oh, Grandfathers!" cried both little girls in a breath, "how beautiful the hives look!"

"The *blue*, I suppose you mean," growled Grandfather Brenn.

"The *pink*, I understand you to say," snapped Grandfather Silverstik.

Then they turned upon the puzzled children. "Learn to think for yourselves," they told them. "You have been together so much that you talk like a pair of silly parrots." For by this time, however foolish the cause, it had become a real quarrel.

The following Sunday the Bishop came to town for the Confirmation. The Cathedral looked beautiful. It had been decorated with wreaths of flowers, and tinsel, and many rich offerings. A forest of candles burned upon the altar. Great numbers of peasants had come in from the country round about, and quaint caps and dresses of almost every description might be seen among the congregation. For in Brittany each town and district has its special costume, which is handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, with never a thought of changing fashions.

To-day all the little girls who were to be confirmed sat together. They wore charming white dresses and looked very lovely, but Marie-Jeanne and Jeanne-Marie were not permitted to walk up the aisle together, as they had hoped to do. For the bees still refused to swarm! It was impossible to tell whether they preferred the pink hives or the blue, and for several days the children had been forbidden to have anything to do with each other.

When the Bishop got up to preach everybody listened respectfully. He was a beautiful old man, with snow-white hair and fine white hands. He took for the text of his sermon the words: *Love your neighbor*.

And all the time he was talking Grandfather Brenn glared at Grandfather Silverstik, and Grandfather Silverstik glared back. They had lived next door to each other so long they had quite forgotten that they *were* neighbors, and besides each was very indignant to think that the *other* should be so stubborn and pigheaded!

"Little children, love one another," cried the old Bishop in his fine silver voice, "for, if you do not, you cannot love the good God who made you. Do not let any foolish misunderstanding —"

And at that moment from some hidden corner of the crowded galleries rang out the strangled cry, "Fire! fire!"

Nobody could tell just what happened next. A smell of smoke was in the air, and a growing uproar of feet and voices. For panic seized upon the throng. Men fought and struggled. Overhead the bells were ringing wildly. The sexton, at least, was faithful to his post. Then slender tongues of red and yellow flame shot out between the pillars, and a heavy, wavering brown curtain shut down before the door.

Grandfather Brenn and Grandfather Silverstik, shoulder to shoulder, fought their way up the aisle. They must reach the little group of white-gowned girls above which the figure of the Bishop might be seen, standing with hands stretched out as if in blessing. And somehow they did it. But now it would be impossible to get back.

"Try the little green door that leads out into the garden!" shouted Grandfather Brenn. It was locked; but Grandfather Silverstik burst it open with one heave of his strong shoulders. And a few moments later

the three old men, with their fluttering frightened flock, found themselves breathing the pure, sweet air of the Cathedral gardens.

Considering the panic, there were not so many people hurt. Nobody would die, the doctors said. The one fire-engine of the town had by this time reached the square; a bucket-brigade was being formed; and after several hours of hard work the blaze was put out.

That afternoon Grandfather Brenn and Grandfather Silverstik found that they were heroes. Thankful fathers wrung them by the hand; trembling mothers wept tears of tender gratitude. The Bishop publicly commended them. But somehow the two old men could not feel proud. It was plain that they had something on their minds. Since the terrible moments in the burning church, neither had spoken to the other. And even when Grandfather Brenn, sneaking out to the garden late at night with a lantern in one hand and a pot of *pink* paint in the other, met Grandfather Silverstik, similarly armed with a lantern and a pot of *blue* paint, sneaking in, no greeting passed between them. Each found it so hard to give way!

But next morning the hives certainly looked beautiful! There they stood, a glistening row among the blossoming hollyhocks, all twelve of them a tender shade of charming lilac! For Grandfather Brenn had repainted his six pink, and Grandfather Silverstik had repainted his six blue, and blue and pink mixed together make *lilac*, as you have only to try to find out.

So everybody was satisfied. The two apprentices, the little maid-servants, Jeanne-Marie, Marie-Jeanne, and their mothers came running out to the garden. All agreed that no color could have been handsomer, and the bees must have thought so, too, for that same morning they swarmed!

What a buzzing, what a humming they made! Some seemed to be singing of fragrant, dewy flowers in distant meadows, urging to instant flight; others perhaps whispered of the rich stores of honey and "bee-bread" hid within the hives, and the young princesses whose wings might not yet be either strong or ready. A council of some sort was certainly going on; there were as many opinions as there were bees. Silver wings flashed dizzily. Messengers sped forth and back again. Was the day fit? Would the sky remain clear? Even the sacred Queens were jostled by the rude workers. Order was thrown to the winds. It was the bees' one *Sunday* in the year. They, who had slaved so patiently, now sang and rejoiced together. One would have said the hives were bewitched.

At last the long-awaited signal was given. In black throngs the tiny citizens began to pour out of their castle gates. Up, up, they rose, their throbbing wings weaving so close that they looked like a flutter of silken veil in the sunlight, waving above the blossoming borders and the hollyhocks,

following the Queens in their flight, till they settled on the pear tree directly in the *middle* of the garden, and hung there in dark clusters like huge bunches of living grapes.

And now all danger of stinging was past. Grandfather Brenn and Grandfather Silverstik brought over the hives and began to shake the bees down into them as easily as one would shake ripe fruit. There were enough for six new houses, all of a fine lavender color, and in these the tenants at once set to work. They swept the floor, varnished the walls, built cells and cupboards. No human housekeepers could have arranged better!

"Wonderful little creatures!" remarked Grandfather Brenn, beamingly. "They understand more than most Christians, and certainly have a fine taste for color!"

"That they have," agreed Grandfather Silverstik, with a chuckle. "Suppose this year we give the honey and the wax to the fund for the re-decoration of the Cathedral?"

"An excellent idea," Grandfather Brenn replied. "I was about to propose that very thing myself."

So peace was restored between the two households. In less than a year's time the Cathedral was made to look even more beautiful than ever; and now when Marie-Jeanne and Jeanne-Marie go to mass on a Sunday it is side by side, just as you see them in the picture.



Alice Mear

LITTLE ORPHANS

LAMENT OF THE LITTLE ORPHANS

IN Brittany are many such as we,
Boasting no cross above a father's grave.
They call us "little orphans of the sea";
We may be small, but oh! our hearts are brave.

There's little Grégoire, whom you all must know;
He's shipped for Iceland. How his mother cried!
And yet she could not help but let him go,
Although so young! — for she has six beside.

And brave Jean-Louis, who would be a clerk
('T was wonderful how well that boy could learn!),
He, like the rest of us, must set to work —
Five sous a day, they say, he soon may earn.

That's better than the little ones who take
The bowl in hand and beg from door to door;
Oh, give them something for sweet Jesus' sake,
They are so small! their homes so very poor!

So, in the factory and on the pier,
We bear our burdens, large for little wage!
And if our drooping eyelids hide a tear,
Remember we are still of tender age.

You happier children of a happier land,
Who own a mother's love, a father's care,
Softens your hearts, — oh, try to understand!
Lend to our woe at least a pitying ear.



ANITA Le ROY

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THE THREE GIFTS OF THE THREE BEGGARS

A LEGEND OF OLD BRITTANY

GRANDMOTHER NIVES told the most charming stories, but not in the morning. Then it was:

"Bring the basket, Julie! One, two, three — six shirts for our good Rector. Such fine linen as that man wears! Four tablecloths for Madame his housekeeper. Have you the soap and the paddles? Put on your best cap, then. It is time we should be off!"

And little Julie ran here and there, only too glad to help, for she thought it a great treat to be allowed to go to the river with her grandmother. Washday came almost any sunny morning. Along the shallow stream the women placed the wooden boxes in which they knelt to protect their stuff skirts and bright aprons, soaped the clothes, beat them on the flat stones with their little paddles, dipped and rinsed them in the clear running water, while all the time the birds were singing overhead. No wonder Julie liked to go to the river, everybody was so gay and friendly!

"Good morning, Madame Nives! Good morning, Julie!" the neighbors would cry, as the two white caps came bobbing over the green bank. "It's a fine day for drying that we have."

"And for weddings, too," Grandmother Nives would answer. "Is it not this afternoon that Hervé Girard's cousin is to marry little Louise Morot? A very pretty girl, they say."

"True enough," replied another of the women, "and as sensible as she is good-looking. I saw her last week at market buying cabbages. She would take up first one and then another, weighing them in her open palm. She knew what she wanted, I can tell you!"

"But have you heard the latest story about her uncle, the rich miller?" cried a third voice. "Such a miser of a man! Three beggars stopped at his door last Friday night, and —"

"Julie!" interrupted Grandmother Nives. "I have finished our good Rector's linen. Take it and spread it out in the meadow. Such fine shirts as his need the most particular care. You may sit beside them, little one, and drive the grasshoppers away, while I wash out the other things. When I have done I will call you."

So Julie missed the story of the three beggars who stopped at the rich miller's door, for when she asked her grandmother about it that evening the old woman only laughed.

"Something stupid," she replied. "I really don't remember. We ought not to speak ill of our neighbors, even when they are better off than ourselves. But sit down to your spinning, and I will tell you another story. Though it happened a long time ago, it is worth listening to, for it teaches us that kindness is always best — even to the most humble beggar." And to the low hum of Julie's busy wheel, Grandmother Nives began:¹

Once upon a time, many years ago, there lived two young lords named Tonyk and Mylio. Their mother was a widow; but she had plenty of money, and being a lady of very good sense, she saw to it that her sons received the best of educations. Both the boys were handsome, and both were clever; but Tonyk, the younger of the two, had a gentler nature than his brother. From the time he was a little child he loved to give to the poor, he seldom grew angry, and never bore a grudge against anybody; while Mylio, the elder, was proud and haughty, and had a very quick temper.

The mother loved her sons dearly, and would have liked to keep them always with her, but the boys themselves were eager to see the world; so it was decided when Mylio was nearly seventeen, and his brother fourteen, that they should go to visit their uncle, who lived in a distant kingdom. The morning they were to set out, their mother called them to her and gave to each a new hat, a pair of shoes with silver buckles, a violet mantle, a purse full of money, and a handsome horse. Then she blessed them, bade them good-bye, and the two youths started on their journey.

Their horses were so strong and fresh that at the end of a few days they found themselves in quite a new part of a country. Here were neither trees, nor fields of waving grain. The land was wild and rocky; and one morning, as the brothers came to a place where four roads met, they saw a poor old woman sitting on the ground near a stone cross, her face hidden in her apron.

"What is the matter, my good woman?" asked Tonyk, stopping his horse. "Are you in trouble?"

The old woman lifted her face, which was wet with tears.

"I have lost my only son," she said. "I am too old to work, so there is nothing left for me to do but sit here and beg of passing Christians."

Tonyk was much touched by these words; but Mylio, who had ridden on, called back over his shoulder:

"Can't you see the hag expects to win something by her story? Come along, brother. Don't be so easy."

"Hush! hush! Mylio!" cried Tonyk. "You are making her weep

¹This legend may be found in M. Émile Souvestre's "Le Foyer Breton," under the title "Les trois Rencontres."



JULIE SPINNING

again. And look!—how much she is like our own dear mother in age and figure!”

Then he leaned down toward the beggar, and holding out his purse, said:

“Take it, my poor woman. It will help you to buy bread; but God alone can console you for the loss of your son.”

The beggar took the purse, and after kissing it, replied:

“Thank you, my young sir. Since you are willing to do so much for a poor woman, will you not accept the only thing she has to offer in return? Here is a withered nut. Shut up in it is a wasp—such a sting as it has! Keep it in your pocket. Some day you may find it useful.”

Tonyk took the nut, put it in his pocket, and thanked the old woman politely, while Mylio laughed at the folly of his young brother.

Then the two rode on; and after a while they came to the border of a forest where they saw a little, nearly naked child digging in the rotten stump of a tree, and singing sadly to itself. Every once and awhile it would stop its work to beat its blue fingers together, wailing pitifully:

“I am cold! I am cold!”

Tonyk was almost ready to weep at the sight.

“The poor little one!” he cried. “Mylio! think how he must suffer in this wind.”

“If so, he is very delicate,” answered Mylio, mockingly. “I am not chilly in the least, I assure you.”

“But you wear a velvet vest, and over that your purple mantle,” returned Tonyk, “while he, poor innocent, is dressed only in the airs of heaven.”

“Well, after all,” said Mylio, “it is nothing but a little peasant.”

“Yet he might have been born in your place, brother, and you in his,” replied Tonyk, gently. And stopping his horse, he asked the child what he was doing digging there among the roots of the trees.

“I am looking for darning needles,” answered the little boy. “When I have found enough, I shall sell them in the city and buy myself a coat.”

“How many have you already?” asked Tonyk.

“One only,” answered the child, holding up a tiny cage of reed, in which a darning needle might be seen waving its blue wings.

“Let me have it,” said the young lord, at the same time unclasping his mantle and throwing it to the boy. “Wrap yourself in this, little one. It is warmer than anything you could buy, and I am well content with the bargain.”

So the two brothers rode on, and though at first Tonyk could not help shivering without his mantle, by the time the forest was crossed the wind had shifted, the fog had risen, and the sun was shining as they came out into a beautiful meadow, where, beside a fountain, sat an old man dressed in rags and wearing over his shoulders the knapsack, or wallet, of the professional beggar.

"Alas, my two pretty little lords!" he cried, as he saw the two youths approaching. "Will you not help me on my way? I have been here since early morning. Indeed, I have walked so much that my feet will no longer carry me. Unless one of you is willing to sell his horse, I shall have to sit here till I die."

"Sell you a horse, beggar?" cried Mylio, with a scornful laugh. "And with what would you pay us?"

"You see this hollow acorn," replied the old man. "Shut up in it is a spider—such webs as she can spin! Give me one of your horses, and I will give you the acorn in exchange."

Mylio again laughed scornfully, but Tonyk sprang out of the saddle.

"I will give you my horse, old man," he said; "not because of the price you offer, but in memory of our Lord Jesus, who has said that beggars are his special charge."

The old man muttered a thousand blessings, gave Tonyk the acorn, mounted the horse, and disappeared quickly over the meadow. But by this time Mylio was very angry.

"Fool!" he cried to his brother. "Look at the state to which you have brought yourself by your silly charity. I suppose you thought that, having once given everything away, you would share my purse, my mantle, and my horse; but it is not so. And I hope the lesson will be of some use to you!"

Then he, too, rode on, leaving Tonyk to follow as best he could.

A little further along, the road which the brothers must take narrowed to a rocky path between two high mountains, and on the top of one of these mountains lived an ogre, who sat day and night watching for travellers, just as a hunter watches for game. He was a very terrible monster, this ogre, blind and without feet, but his ear was so keen that he could hear the worms digging underground, and he had two eagles for servants, one white, the other red, which he had trained like hunting dogs to swoop down on his prey. Naturally, as Mylio came riding along, his horse's iron shoes ringing out sharply against the pebbles, the giant heard him.

"Holla! my hounds!" he cried. "Holla! here comes our supper!" And the two eagles rose on their great wings and dropped down upon the traveller, just as they had been trained to do.

At that same moment Tonyk arrived in the entrance of the path. He saw the savage birds seize Mylio by his purple mantle; he heard his brother's wild cry as he was torn out of the saddle; and falling upon his knees he began to pray,

"All powerful Lord, who made the whole world, save my dear brother Mylio!"

"Do not trouble heaven for so small a matter," cried three little voices. "We are here! we will help you!"

Naturally, Tonyk was much astonished.

"Who is speaking?" he asked. "Where and what are you?"

"We are in your pocket," answered the voices. "Do you not remember the wasp, the darning needle, and the spider? — the three gifts of the three beggars? Let us out, then. We wish to get to work."

So Tonyk put his hand into his pocket and took out the acorn, the nut, and the little reed cage, and set the insects free.

At once the spider mounted on the darning needle's back and began to spin a web which fell like a ladder, strong and shining as steel. Up, up, the darning needle flew till the ladder reached to the very top of the mountain where the ogre had his den. Tonyk began to climb it, rung by rung, while the wasp flew ahead, its little sting, sure and sharp as a sword, ready for action.

Fortunately the ogre was singing as he sat in his stone kitchen, swinging his great body to and fro. And the rumble of his great voice drowned every other sound, so that Tonyk was able to creep to the door of the cave and peep in.

Yes, there on the floor lay poor Mylio, trussed like a fowl ready for roasting, while one eagle fanned the fire into a blaze with its great wings and the other perched near on the turnspit. But suddenly both birds caught sight of Tonyk and flew upon him, screaming, intending to peck him to death. They would certainly have done so, too, had not the wasp put out their eyes with quick stabs of its magic sting. The ogre, roused by the uproar, began to bellow like an angry bull, and beat about with his great arms; but the spider soon put an end to that by spinning a web around him so close and strong that it was impossible to break through. Then the blind eagles, mad with pain, set upon their helpless master and began to tear him limb from limb; while Tonyk, who had lost no time in untying the cords which bound Mylio, seized his brother by the hand, and the two youths fled from the cave and ran as quickly as they could to the edge of the precipice. Here they were soon joined by the wasp and the darning needle, who came flying along drawing after them the little reed cage, which was wonderfully changed into a magic chariot. Into the chariot the brothers sprang, the spider climbed up behind for footman, and at once the little coach set out with the speed of the wind.

Travelling after this fashion, over mountains and streams, valleys and villages, it did not take the two young lords long to reach the castle of their uncle, where on the drawbridge they found their horses waiting for them. But to Tonyk's saddle hung his purse and mantle, and the purse was fuller than it had been in the beginning, while the purple mantle was richly embroidered with diamonds!

"What does this mean?" cried the youth in great astonishment, turning

to his three little friends, the wasp, the darning needle, and the spider ; but the insects had vanished, and in their place stood three shining angels.

“Do not be afraid, kind heart,” they cried. “But know that the little naked child, the old woman, and the beggar man, whom you helped, were none other than the holy Lord Jesus, the blessed Virgin, and Saint Joseph. They set themselves in your way in humble disguise to test you, and we are their servants, who have been sent to watch over you as a reward for your goodness. Now we must return to Paradise, and may the lesson be of some use to you !”

“So the angels spread their shining wings and soared up to heaven singing like larks,” finished Grandmother Nives with a solemn nod of the head ; “which goes to prove, dear little one, that it is bad business to turn the humblest beggar from the door, and also that old tales are best.”



FISHERMEN'S CHILDREN

FISHERMEN'S CHILDREN

OUR fathers dare the stormy seas,
Their sails are red in hue;
We watch for them and pray for them,
As children ought to do,
While our pale mothers on their knees
In the still church pray too.

The tides run in, the tides run out,
Among the reefs we roam,
Gathering seashells with a shout,
To fling them in the foam.
"O Sea, take back your gifts," we cry,
"And bring our fathers home!"

The sun gets up, the sun goes down,
We watch him from the sand,
Rising and setting in the sea,—
Each seeks the other's hand;
But little Yann laughs gleefully,
Too young to understand.

At last the shout rings out, "A sail!"
And floating, one by one,
Like great birds, ghostly, still, and pale,
All in the setting sun,
The boats appear! What joy is here!
Run, little comrades, run!

For lanterns gleam along the shore,
Glad voices sob and sing,
Our fishing-folk are home once more!
Good luck! good luck they bring!
While we, their children, laugh and shout,
Dancing all in a ring!



THE VOW OF MARIE-ANGE

A STORY OF THE PARDON OF LA PALUDE

IT was a beautiful morning. The blue sky above the blue Bay of Douarnenez was clear and calm. There were neither angry clouds nor angry waves. The little fishing village basked in the sun, and Marie-Ange, on her mother's doorsill, basked too. But she was not idle.

Marie-Ange was the eldest of five children. Her mother worked in the sardine factory. Her father, who had put out in his little red-sailed boat one morning with the other fishermen, had not come back. Marie-Ange, François, Michel, and Jehan, the little brothers, pranced and played all the afternoon along the hard, shining beach, watching for the return of the fleet.

"It's a fine netful of fish your father will be bringing," called their mother, when, at last, the sun dropped down into the flaming bay. "Come home, now, to supper. There is to be cabbage soup and good pancakes. To-morrow we will welcome the boats with hundreds of empty baskets!"

But that night a storm arose. Marie-Ange, wakeful and trembling in the great cupboard bed, listened to the howling of the wind and the thunder of the waters, while in a corner of the dimly lighted room the whitefaced mother on her knees prayed, sobbing:

"Good God, protect my husband. His boat is so little, and your sea is so big!"

Yet it was three days before the winds quieted, and when, at last, all that was left of the scattered fishing-fleet, one by one, with ragged sails and broken masts, began to drift home, the boat of Marie-Ange's father was not with the others. So the little mother, red-eyed, widowed in heart, went to work in the sardine factory; and Marie-Ange, eight years old, still hopeful of her father's return, took her place as housekeeper.

Though the house was very small, still there was plenty to be done. The other children, whose fathers had come home, might play and shout in the sun. There was Margot Picard skipping rope at this moment in her noisy little sabots,—*tric-trac, tric-trac* they sounded on the rough cobbles,—while Pierre Le Camac, Nonna, Annette, and Jean Quaper gathered in a ring, watching with sober faces.

"She is nine years old—the great gaby!" thought Marie-Ange with a scornful flourish of her knitting needles, "and I am only eight. But I am much more sensible than she is, more useful, and more important!"

At this moment Jean-Pierre, Marie-Ange's baby brother, who had been sleeping in his little cradle, began to cry. He missed his mother, did

Jean-Pierre; so Marie-Ange, thrusting her knitting needles back of her ears, where they stuck out like horns on either side her snowy cap, went into the living-room to get him.

This room, though wonderfully neat and clean, was small and scantily furnished. Opposite the doorway was the fireplace about which hung Marie-Ange's pots and pans, shining — how they did shine! The polished panels of the great cupboard bed, three stories high, reflected them like a mirror. The carved oak chest with its silver lock and hinges, the oak settles and dresser shone too; and as to the table, I am afraid I cannot make you believe how white it was.

"What is it, my little pigeon?" cried Marie-Ange, taking up the wailing baby. "Is Jean-Pierre hungry? does he want his dinner?" And she crossed to the hearth where a small pot of buckwheat porridge stood warming.

But Jean-Pierre would not eat. He doubled up his small fists, straightened his little back, and howled lustily.

"Well, well, do not kick over the pot," said Marie-Ange. "We must save the good porridge for François, Michel, and Jehan. They will eat it fast enough, I can tell you."

Then she began to rock the baby in her arms:

*"A little bird is singing in the great woods,
Hush! hush! hear what he sings!
His heart is red, his head is blue,
And yellow are his wings.
A little bird is singing in the great woods,
Hush! hush! hear what he sings!"*

*"A little bird has fluttered to our door,
Hush! hush! hear what he sings! —"*

"Marie-Ange!" interrupted a rough voice. "Marie-Ange!" cried other voices. "We have brought home your mother!" "She is ill!" "She fainted this morning at her work!" "Get the bed ready!" "Bring water!" "For mercy's sake, child, don't be so slow!"

Marie-Ange, bewildered and frightened, turned to the doorway where a group of hardfaced women from the factory jostled and clattered in their wooden shoes, supporting among them a slender, drooping form.

"She is sick, I tell you!" shouted old Madame Picard, grandmother of the skipping Margot. "She was never strong enough for factory work, standing all day over a kettle of boiling oil in a heat that is fierce enough to melt a German. 'Madame Ronan,' I said to her this very morning,

'Madame Ronan, give it up. It won't do. Your little ones have lost a father. That is bad enough. Why should they lose their mother, too?'"

By this time the sick woman had been lifted up into the great closed bed, where she lay with pinched mouth and gasping breath. It was plain to be seen that she was indeed very ill, yet no one thought of running after a doctor, for Breton fishing-folk believe more in prayer, or even in charms, than they do in medicine.

"Give her water when she will take it," commanded Grandmother Picard. "Keep the cloth wet upon her forehead, and the little ones as quiet as you can. I will be over again this evening with a good bowl of herb tea."

So the rough but kindhearted neighbors, having done all that they could, went back to their work in the factory, leaving Marie-Ange alone with her sick mother and the four fretting, frightened boys.

"Marie-Ange! Marie-Ange!" whimpered little Michel, pulling at his sister's skirt. "What is the matter? We were playing on the beach. We saw everybody running, so we came too. Why will not maman speak to us? Why does she lie so still, with her eyes shut and her mouth open?"

"She is sick," answered Marie-Ange, dully. "The good God has forgotten us, I think. Go out on the doorsill, all of you. I will put Jean-Pierre in his cradle, so that he may go too. He will like the sunshine, and you must take care of him while I watch beside maman."

"I will take care of everybody," boasted five-year-old François. "If any dogs come, I will chase them away, and if Michel or Jehan start fooling, I will settle them!"

Oh, how long that afternoon seemed! Marie-Ange, stealing back and forth between her mother in the dark, smothery bed and the children on the sunny doorsill, thought that evening would never come. But at last it did, and with it Madame Picard, as she had promised.

There was no change in the sick woman. They could not even get her to take the herb tea.

"H'm!" grumbled Grandmother Picard, with a solemn shake of the head. "When a sick Christian can no longer swallow one must leave the case in the hands of our blessed Mother of La Palude. She can cure where herbs and charms are useless. It is a pity, Marie-Ange, that you are not old enough to go to the Pardon."

"Oh, Madame!" cried Marie-Ange, with a little catch of the breath. "Is maman so very bad?"

"Bad enough," answered the old woman, stubbornly. "Yet I've seen many sicker than she healed by a vow and a pilgrimage to the sacred chapel of Sainte Anne. Nowadays our young girls go to the pardons to dance, to flirt, to buy bright handkerchiefs; when I was a maid all that was different. We

took our offerings, — a fat fowl, a golden pat of butter, anything we could afford, — we made our vow, and, when it was best, our prayers were answered. Many is the poor cripple I have seen leave his crutches behind him and go his way rejoicing. But here, take this jug and bring me some fresh water from the spring. I will put the little ones to bed. As to your mother, we must pray Sainte Anne to cure her, even if you are not old enough to make a pilgrimage." And Madame Picard stooped down and gathered the four sleepy little boys into one big armful, while Marie-Ange, with the empty jug, started on her errand.

The way to the spring was long and lonely. It was already dusk; but Marie-Ange was thinking so hard that she never once remembered to feel frightened.

Why should she not make the pilgrimage to the chapel of La Palude, where the good Sainte Anne was about to hold a Pardon? Many unhappy people from all over Brittany went there every year and found comfort for their sorrow. If she made a vow and carried a present like the others, surely Sainte Anne would listen to her. One was never too young to pray!

By this time the spring had been reached, the jug filled, and Marie-Ange was on the homeward trip.

"I will do it," she said, and setting down her pitcher she ran to where a wayside cross raised its ghostly form among the gorse bushes. Here she knelt, and clasping her little hands devoutly, made this vow:

"Blessed Sainte Anne, mother of our Lady Mary, grandmother of the holy Child Jesus, hear my vow.

"I will give you a candle — not a very good candle, perhaps, but the best I have — if you will cure my dear mother, who is sick. And I will give you a ship — not a really handsome ship, like the one Jean Quaper's uncle made, but the best I can get — if you will bring home my father, who is lost at sea. Though Margot Picard says that he is drowned, I do not believe her; so it will be easy for you to bring him back. François will help me make the ship. He can do it if he has an old sabot, and I will give him one of mine. I will come to your Pardon barefoot, though I am only eight years old and it is a long way. I shall have to come barefoot if I give the sabot to François, because I have only one pair.

"Hear my vow, blessed Sainte Anne, Mother of all true Bretons, and send a quick answer to my prayer."

Then she got up and ran home through the shadows as fast as the heavy jug would allow, for perhaps the goblins and fairyfolk were already creeping out from their holes in the barrows among the haunted meadows, and besides, Grandmother Picard would be waiting for the water.

"I was beginning to fear you had met something evil," cried the old woman from the door, as Marie-Ange, safe but breathless, set down the



FRANÇOIS

pitcher. "Your mother is better. She has opened her eyes, and even asked for a drink of water."

So Sainte Anne would hear her vow! Marie-Ange clasped her hands together with a happy little sob. Perhaps her father, too, was already on his way home. Oh, it should be a beautiful ship that she would give!

Next morning matters were explained to the gaping François.

"I am going on a pilgrimage," said Marie-Ange. "Nobody must know because it is a secret. I have made a vow to Sainte Anne of a candle and a little ship, if she will cure our mother and bring our father home. The candle I can get from the cupboard, and here is my sabot. It is not for you and Jehan to sail in the duck pond. You must make it into a beautiful little boat, fit for the altar of our Mother of La Palude. I will give you my knitting needles for the masts and my best handkerchief for the sail. It is a pretty handkerchief, and I had hoped to wear it a long time; but it is more necessary that our father should come home. This afternoon when Madame Picard comes to sit with maman I will steal away, and you must not tell anybody where I am gone."

So late that afternoon, little Marie-Ange, barefoot but brave of heart, started on her pilgrimage. How she ever made the long, tiring journey over heavy sand dunes and stretches of golden broom I cannot say. Part of the way she had company — three old women, also Pilgrims, who carried lighted candles and trudged along without speaking. They had made the vow of silence; but they were good to Marie-Ange. They let her follow close at their heels and helped her over the rough places.

By morning the road began to fill with other pilgrims: bands of beggars singing hoarsely, cartloads of pretty girls, brave sailors from the Bay. It seemed as if the whole countryside were turning out for the festival.

Through the woods, over the sands, they trooped. The August sun beat down hotly. Marie-Ange was tired, so tired! Her little bare feet burned and ached; but all the bells were ringing! And suddenly it seemed as if she were in the middle of a great fair. On every side rose booths and tents. Dogs barked, peddlers shouted their wares. At last the church itself was reached. How quiet, how restful it seemed, after the tumult outside!

Marie-Ange knelt with the other pilgrims and looked up through the clouds of incense into the face of the carved Sainte Anne. There she stood on her pedestal, the holy Mother of La Palude, brave in her holiday clothes, and about her hung many offerings, — crutches, beautiful models of ships, garlands of flowers, wax legs and arms.

"I wish my gifts were nicer," thought little Marie-Ange, as she passed shyly up the aisle with her homemade candle and quaint child's ship. She placed them at the foot of the statue, feeling very small and sad. How could Sainte Anne be expected to hear *her* prayer among so many chanting voices?

But now the crowd was leaving the church. Marie-Ange was swept along with it. Vainly she tried to free herself. She had come so far! so far! She was hungry, she was faint, she was sick. Sainte Anne would neither hear nor help her.

"The procession! The procession!" cried hundreds of eager voices.

Bright banners waved overhead. Drums rolled, litanies thundered. Marie-Ange, pushed somehow into the front rank of the crowd, blinked back her tears in wonder. Long lines of priests were filing by, and girls in beautiful bright dresses. Then came the widows, those who had lost their husbands at sea, so many that you could not count them. They walked with bent heads, and they had put out the light of their candles. After these followed the Saved — sailors in the very clothes they had worn on the day of the shipwreck. They looked at you out of brave faded eyes, and among them . . .

Marie-Ange gave one wild little scream. It was he! her father! marching by with the others! So Sainte Anne had heard! Her vow was answered! How can I paint the joy of that strange meeting?

And yet it was not so very strange, after all. The boat of Marie-Ange's father had been wrecked by the tempest; it had been swept out to sea, where, helpless, with broken masts, it had drifted till the morning of the third day, when a passing coaster rescued the brave Ronan. So he made the voyage, returning with full pockets. Now he was on the way home to his little family, and he had stopped off at the Pardon to offer thanks for his life and safekeeping. Marie-Ange's father explained all this, and she then told *her* story. Oh how happy they both were! yet not quite so happy, I think, as the little mother when the following evening, hand in hand, her husband and daughter came home to her. And of course she got well. How could she help it now that she did not have to work any more in the sardine factory?

"It was *I* who made the boat," boasts five-year-old François, while Grandmother Picard returns severely:

"But Marie-Ange made the pilgrimage. Our blessed Sainte Anne did not care so much for the gifts, you may be sure, as for the brave child-faith that brought them. She knows a thing or two, does our Mother of La Palude!"

